

THE BRIEF LIFE OF A SONG.

Whistling a Tune into Notice and Then Burying It in Oblivion.

A song, a flower, an actor becomes popular. Everybody sings and whistles that song because it has a tune? Not exactly; other songs have tunes and do not achieve this universal sequence. The girls who sell a paper of pins hum a certain tune as she wraps up the little packages; the grimy little boy who blacks "per boots" whistles it as he puts on the shine; it is in the air, in the streets, in the parlor; it is played by German street bands and ground by the street organs; babies murmur it before they can talk; jokes are made at its expense; it resounds from Maine to Mexico; but how did it begin? and when and where does it end? There is even now a generation which has never heard "Pinafore;" in ten years from now no one will care for the "Pinafore" that drove this generation half distracted, and the chances are, should that opera be then revived, it would fall flat; its fun would not touch the humor of the day, and the young folks would say: "Dear me, this is decidedly antiquated; why can't you give us something amusing?"

Once upon a time, about a thousand years ago, there was written a song known as "Villikins and His Dinah." It traveled far and wide, from cottage to palace, by rail and by sea; it was sung in the theatres between the acts; as encores at concerts; somebody even wrote a play on the touching story; it was whistled universally, and every undeveloped musical genius in the land sang nothing but "Villikins." Who knows now where that popular ditty first impressed itself on the sensitive public ear? Who knows, indeed, who wrote it, or by what inspiration he hit on a melody that bewitched millions as it did. Nobody sings it now, any more than he sings "Life on the Ocean Wave," "Ben Bolt," and a dozen other sentimental ballads that had such vogue; yet they are unchanged, and quite as fetching in substance as the hour they were written. A song or a tune has its day, and can never be resuscitated. The first person who whistled it into notice is lost in obscurity, and more singular yet, he who was the last to whistle it can never be discovered. Who is the man that finally buries the popular tune?

This view of the life of a song is distracting. Yesterday the classic "See-Saw" permeated society, to-day it is "Till Willow," to-morrow—well, to-morrow's tune is unborn, but, as sure as the sun rises over Park street steeple, it will be here when it is wanted. Probably at this moment some poor devil in a back street in London is covering music paper with the notes of a tune for the music hall favorite to beguile a rough, uncritical crowd. It is wretched stuff, but it has "go," and goes sends most any trash heading into dangerous popularity. It catches on like a leech to the public's tympanum, and, after one or two nights, it will be carried away bodily. What is sung with success in the London music hall ascends with ease to the pale of good society.

The higher type—Gilbert and Sullivan songs—have bewitched nations, but if the readers of to-day live twenty years, their children will ask them who were this Gilbert and Sullivan, and nothing will induce them to believe those old-fashioned things were ever thought droll and amusing. "That ever considered fascinating! Why, my dear sir, you must be mistaken. How uninteresting it is. Don't you see we have outgrown all such rusty twaddle." In its day, "The Beggar's Opera" took London town by storm. London society lost its head in admiration of this new departure; its music, its singers; but let any reckless theatrical manager of to-day place on his stage that once popular "musical innovation," in all the glory of modern dress, and he would be beggared as well as Polly. "I can not sing the old song" warbles the fad world. No, you can't; that is the unblemished truth.—*Bos. Boston Herald.*

A Photograph from the Retina.

A physician friend of mine called my attention to an account of a recent attempt to observe in the retina of a murdered girl's eye the image of her unknown slayer. He laughed and said: "It is all nonsense to expect that this thing can be done. I have known of a dozen experiments, all of which failed from the very nature of the thing. All there is to it is this: The brilliant coat of the retina has a color due to what is known as visual purple, and this color is to some extent vitally impressed by light. When in college we tried a careful experiment on a horse. We gave the animal atropine and placed a negative of my own photograph over its eye. It was then kept in a dark room for six hours. This was followed by exposing the retina to the picture in broad daylight for a few moments. The result consisted of three dark patches representing my chin, nose, and forehead. It was an absolute failure as far as producing a recognizable likeness is concerned."—*Chicago News "Rambler."*

Good Manners of English Servants.

In the presence of their masters the English servants maintain a manner that may almost be said to be refined. It is quiet and subdued; too obsequious perhaps to suit the democratic idea, but otherwise unobjectionable. This manner, however, I suspect is something like the livery, put on for their superiors, and laid aside as soon as they alone.

In many old families there still lingers among the retainers an attachment for those they serve, a fidelity and devotion that recall the feudal feeling, and which are returned by a protection and interest that make the tie a not unlovely one. I knew instances of friendship on both sides as sincere and loyal, if not as familiar, as ever exists among equals.—*Adam Badoon's Letter.*

Fossil of the Oldest Known Bird.

The fossil remains of an archæopteryx, the oldest known bird, which seems to form the connecting link between birds and reptiles, has just been sold to the Berlin museum for \$5,000.

Some Facts for Would-Be Cowboys.

To any one who contemplates trying a season's riding I would say this: You will build up your constitution for life, you will meet rough fellows, hear hard swearing, and see some fighting, but you will hear fewer indecent stories on the range than you will in the average club smoking-room. Your "outfit," or bed-clothing, and equipments, will cost you about half your earnings, and if you smoke freely and do not try to save money the end of the season will leave you neither richer nor poorer. You will often have a wet bed, and thank heaven for getting to it wet as it is; you will always be up before daylight, and generally two hours out of the night as well; you will eat coarse food, everything fried in lard; you will be in the saddle from twelve to eighteen hours every day; you will often suffer for the want of food and water during a long day's work in the hot sun; you will expose yourself to some peril of life and more of limb; you will be for much of the time as absolutely cut off from the civilized world as if you were on a vessel in mid-ocean; you will row three times a day that when you strike the ranch again you will quit you will be sore and bruised, cold at night and scorched by day, wet to the skin one hour and parched with thirst the next, and for the rest of your life you will look back to your life on the range with longing thoughts of its charms.

Very few men are rich enough to indulge their taste for riding by keeping more than two saddle horses. A "puncher" often rides a dozen, and does much of his work at full run. He breathes the finest air on earth, eats beef as freely as an ordinary working man eats cabbage and potatoes, and fancies the class to which he belongs are the aristocracy of labor. He is generous, always quick to appreciate pluck and kindness in others, obdurate to the few women he sees, ever ready to help hang a horse-thief, and undergoes more hardship and danger than a dozen soldiers.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Description of a Wonderful Machine.

"When I was laying the foundation of my mechanical fame and fortune, a few years ago, I boarded in a house filled with locomotive engineers and firemen. A practice prevailed there of enlivening the supper table with social conversation, and the locomotive party being in the majority, the leading theme of talk was stupendous feats performed in railway runs, varied by minor incidents and records of narrow escapes. George Dew-hirst, who ran a lathe in the shop, sat opposite to me at the table, and he got tired of being excluded from the conversation. He became ambitious to hear himself talk in that crowd.

"One evening, catching on in a hull in the conversation, he called out loudly to me, 'Well, I went over and saw the machine to-day, and it is astonishing the fine work it does!' 'How does it work?' I inquired. 'Well,' said he, 'by means of a pedal attachment a fulcrum lever converts a vertical reciprocating motion into circular movement. The principal part of the machine is a disk which revolves rapidly on a vertical plane. Power is applied through the axis of the disk, and, when the speed of the driving arbor is moderate, the periphery of the machine is traveling at a great velocity. Work is done on this periphery. Pieces of the hardest steel are by mere impact reduced to any shape the skillful operator desires.' 'What on earth is the machine!' demanded a listener. 'Oh, it is a new grindstone,' replied George; and a silence that could be felt passed round the supper table."—*Mechanical Progress.*

Celery as a Cure for Rheumatism.

In celery there must be some special virtue, if we only knew what it is. Nothing is made in vain, and the powerful smell and the extraordinary taste of celery are intimations from nature that it has some special mission. Mr. Ward, of Perrinton Towers, Ross, writes that rheumatism becomes impossible if celery is freely used as an article of diet. "Cut the celery," he says, "into inch dice. Boil in water until soft. No water must be poured away unless drunk by the invalid. Then take new milk, very slightly thickened with flour and flavor it with nutmeg; warm with the celery in the saucepan; serve with diamonds of toasted bread around the dish, and eat with potatoes.

"Permit me to say," he adds, "that cold nor damp never produces rheumatism, but simply develops it. The acid blood is the primary cause and the sustaining power of the evil. While the blood is alkaline there can be no rheumatism, and equally no gout. Let me fearlessly say that rheumatism is impossible on such diet, and yet our medical men allowed rheumatism to kill over 8,000 human beings in 1876—every case as unnecessary as a dirty face."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Taking Micro-Photographs of Timber.

Photography is employed to recognize good wood. Micro-photographs are taken of sections, longitudinal and transverse, of standard pieces of timber bearing a certain known maximum or minimum strain. These are enlarged and serve as comparisons for other samples. Any piece which the educated eye detects to have fewer rings per inch of diameter, fewer fibres or fewer radial plates per square inch of section is rejected. The advantage of this method is that it allows all timber for important positions to be tested before being used.—*Ohio Lumber Journal.*

Tons of Coal for a Steamer.

A correspondent asking how many tons of coal a steamer will burn in the run from New York to Liverpool, The New York Sun says: "The consumption varies with the steamer. The largest ocean greyhounds burn from 175 to 800 tons a day, and make the passage in six and three-quarters day. A consumption of 2,400 tons, or a good big ship-load, is not an unusual thing in a passage from New York to Liverpool."—*Exchange.*

Swans live to the age of 110 years and wild geese to the ripe old age of 150 years.

TEMPERANCE.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to his mouth, and maketh him drunken also."—*Habakkuk I, 15.*

Under the Auspices of the Good Templars.

Continued from last issue.

And I tell you another thing: Of all the disgusting sights I ever saw in all my life, is a whiskey-drinking old deacon coming and taking his seat in the church, because he smells like an old still-house. You can't go within ten feet of him without smelling him. He is what we call down in Georgia an old, living, walking demijohn. And if he ever gets to heaven the angels will shout: "There comes old Brother Demijohn; he has got in at last." And I'm sorry for his wife. Every time she goes to church she has to stick her arm in the handle of an old demijohn. That's a bad thing, ain't it? I say let's quit drinking it. I believe in the moral force there is in this and the moral example. Let every one of us say, "I have drunk my last drop," and then let's march up and fight and talk and work on this great question until victory comes. And I tell you another thing: The bolder stand you take, the more they will curse you and abuse you. I have found that out. Dr. Brooks here they have cursed him and discussed him all over this land. They have left of the "dia" and just gone to cursing him dry. And I understand some of the editors of this State are sailing in on me now. But if you can find a decent, sober editor in this State that has ought to say against me, I will shut my mouth and won't make another speech in this State. Now what do you say. Just track him out if you have got him. But if a fellow loves whiskey and drinks whiskey and runs with that crowd the best thing he can do is to fight. Do you get the idea?

When I commenced preaching in Baltimore, I said some pretty strong things and the next day or two after that there came out some fellow in the paper who signed his name, and gave me blazes, I said, "Who is this old man going for me? They said: 'It is one of the old preachers of this city, that the liquor men hired to preach them a sermon.' "Oh," said I, "that fellow is on the other side. If he is fighting me, he is on the other side. I can understand that, and if a fellow loves liquor and drinks it, and works on that side, I want him to say all he can against me. That means I am right. Do you see? Whenever a drunken editor or a licentious politician begins to pat Sam Jones on the back, and to praise him, I am going to work to overthrow the whole concern, because in that event I know there is something wrong about it.

I tell you now how I stand, I want free whiskey or no whiskey. If it is a good thing let us turn it loose and let it bless all the world. If it's a bad thing, let us not strike it on the tail, or body, but let us cut its head right smooth off. A headless snake can't bite, to say the least of it. Now, here in Missouri \$500 to the State, and \$200 to \$2,000 to the town, has to be paid before they can sell whiskey. Brothers, let us measure this thing a little. You have a bright-eyed beautiful boy at your home. He is the joy of your wife and the pride of your life. Your State gets \$500 from that grocery and your town gets \$1,500.

THE RESULTS OF INTemperance.

Your boy is enticed into that place. And, now, after five years, look at him. He is a poor, bleary-eyed, blood-shot, miserable, bloated, drunken wretch. Your wife is dying by inches. About how much money will it take to compensate you for that boy? And don't you know the only business of bar-rooms in any community is to take boys like yours and make drunkards out of them. A man said to me some time ago—said he, "Jones my two boys are breaking my wife's heart. I tell you Jones my wife is growing gray rapidly. The blood is leaving her cheeks, and in about twelve months more my wife will be in her grave, a heart-broken mother. She is dying by inches. Jones tell me what must I do? What can I do?" "Well," said I, "I don't know what to tell you to do, but if I had two boys that were stabbing my wife to death by the inch, I would go up to their room some morning early, when they had just woken up sober, and I would say: 'Boys, that precious good wife of mine, and your mother, is dying by inches. She is dying the most painful death that a human being can ever die. Now, boys, I want you to promise your father right here, and now, I have drunk my last drop—I have drunk my last drop—or I want you to both load your double-barrel shot guns, and when you come down to the breakfast table walk up to your mother and put them against her head and shoot her head off at the table. You shan't kill my wife by inches in any such way.' When a man will subject his wife to such butchery that she is dying by inches, how much money do you suppose ought to be paid him?

AN ILLUSTRATION.

Talk about high license. Imagine a man coming to my house with a con-

fluent case of small-pox broke out, I say to him, 'Get out, you are scattering this pest in my home to the danger of my wife and family.' He says, 'I won't get out. I have paid \$1,500 for a license to carry small-pox in this city. I pay the highest license of anybody in the State.' Nice thing ain't it, when there's one fellow in Missouri can pay \$100,000 for the privilege of doing any killing he wants and just going round shouting, 'Don't stop me, I am killing men, I know, but I pay a license for it—pay license to kill anybody I want to.' How would you like that? And I tell you another thing: I would rather a man would kill my boy with a pistol, or give him the small-pox, than take whiskey and give him to drink. I would say to the bar-keeper: 'Mr. Bar-keeper, if my little Paul comes down to your bar-room and begs you for a drink of whiskey, don't you give him whiskey, but take out your big hatchet and lay his head on a block and chop his head off; but don't you give him any whiskey. You can cut my little boy's head off, and his sweet soul will go to heaven to live forever; but if you take that whiskey and debauch him, you damn him, soul and body, in hell forever.'

But who is to blame? Let me tell you. Every citizen of Missouri is responsible for every bar-room in this State until every one of us have done our level best to pray them out and vote them out and move them out. I am responsible for every bar-room up to the measure of my ability to put them out, and no further. How far have you gone? Now, I fight these liquor men straight out. I don't fight them as men, but I fight them as liquor dealers—understand me, as liquor dealers, and down in my State we have it pretty warm some times. The liquor dealers down there said: 'Jones is too hard on us. He says too hard a thing.' I said, 'Yes, here are you liquor men selling liquor that will butcher my father and butcher my children, and butcher my neighbor, in cold blood, and would kill me with your whiskey as you have killed hundreds of others, and we can't say a word nor reflect on your trade at all, without you getting up and recounting your grievances and saying we talk hard things about you.' That reminds me of the fellow going along in front of a farm house with a pitchfork on his shoulder; walking along quietly, and a great vicious dog jumped out over the fence and took after the fellow, and the fellow just pulled the fork off his shoulder and stuck it right down through the dog and pinned him to the ground. And the owner jumped over the fence and said, 'What did you stick my dog for?' The fellow says: 'What did your dog come over the fence after me for?' And the owner says: 'Why didn't you hit him with the other end?' And the fellow asked back: 'Why didn't your dog come at me with his other end?' And until these bar-rooms change ends I'm going to stick the pitchfork at them every time they come at me. I want that understood.

When I was over there in Baltimore preaching, a few weeks ago, the laboring men, 18,000 strong, Knights of Labor, marched through the streets of Baltimore in solid phalanx. Some of these poor fellows I really felt sorry for. They had their toes out of their shoes; they had on coats with their elbows out. Some of these poor fellows didn't have cap or hat. They were marching along 18,000 strong, and I said: 'Every man on those horses is a wholesale liquor dealer or a bar-keeper. I saw the poor laboring men, some bare footed, walking along, and the liquor dealers on horseback marshaling the whole crowd. Then I said: 'If you Knights of Labor will adopt a prohibition—eternal prohibition—plank in your platform, I will die by you, Knight of Labor, but if you are going to be marshaled by the liquor men, I would not wipe my feet on you. I wouldn't.' Here you have communism. You have got communism and you have got anarchism in this country enough to burn it up. And I want to tell you, you can't run communism without mean whiskey behind it. You can't do it. Look here in Fort Worth, Texas. When the riot broke out among those laboring men the Mayor of that town—the most sensible man in the whole strike—issued his proclamation closing up every bar-room in the town. They shut up those bar-rooms and in twenty-four hours all the riot was over and everything got perfectly quiet. Did you notice that? I have nothing but love towards all mankind, but I believe the meanest man in this world, and the biggest fool in this world is the man that drinks whiskey. I say this. You say: 'Mr. So-and-so is a clever, good man; it's a pity he drinks.' Let me tell you, a man that will break his wife's heart and beggar his children and ruin his home—if he is a clever man, God save me from being a clever man. You are the lowest down, meanest skunk that walks Godalmighty's earth.

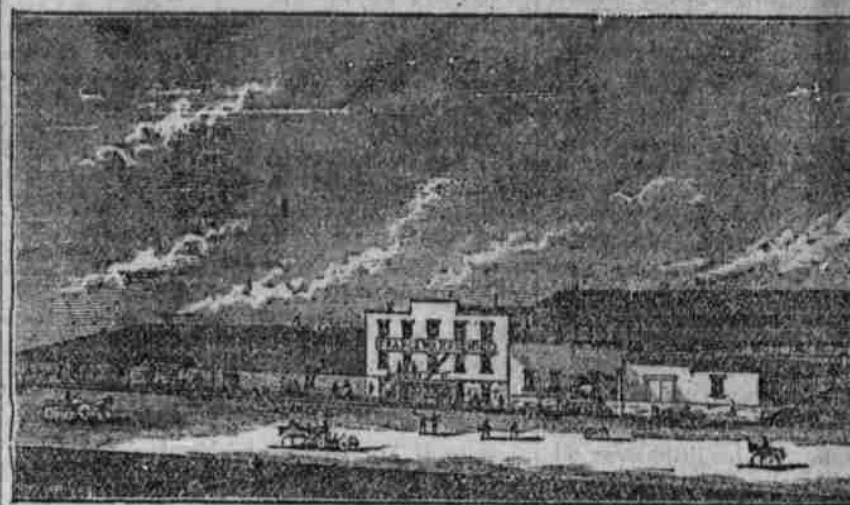
A BIT OF ADVICE.

The next man who looks you in the face, and tells you you are a clever man, and that it's a pity you drink, you tell him he lies in your face, and then say: 'I am a dog; I am a devil. A clever man butchers his wife; a clever man breaks his wife's heart; a clever man beggars his children; God save me from being a clever man.' I would want a man to look me in the face and say: 'You are the meanest man in this community; a bar-keeper is a gentleman by the side of you. I tell you what you want to do. A bar-keeper in a neighboring State set a sign outside of his saloon, 'This is the way to hell.' Opening the door and going in you read another sign: 'Nose paint sold here.' Then you read another, 'My liquor warranted to kill in five years,' and after reading that, scoundrel as you are, you go right up and drink anything you can get the bar-keeper to put up. And I tell you: If you drink whiskey you are a dog, and there ain't any dogs about here, or I wouldn't have said that.

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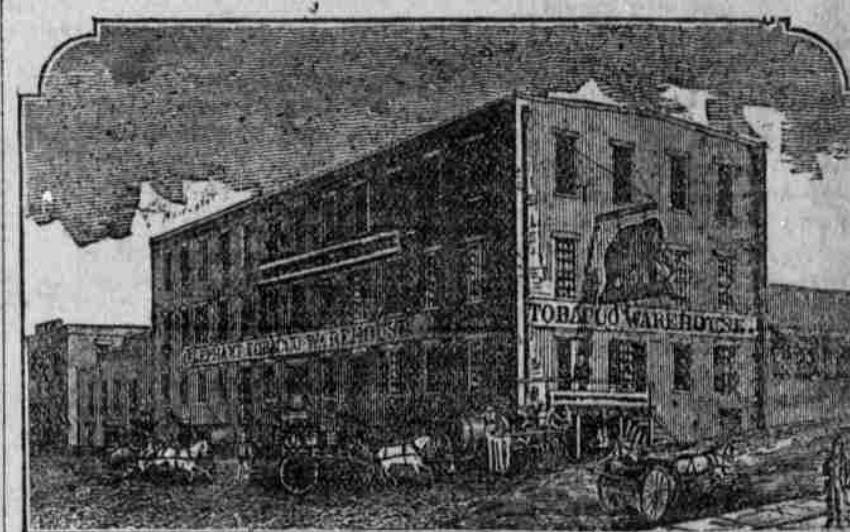
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